Convict No. 4,820 was down on the prison register as Charles F. Johnson, aged 38 years, single, native born, and by occupation a public lecturer. He was a professor of phrenology, a spiritualist, a mesmerist, and a queer, strange man. He had been sentenced for fifteen years for assaulting a woman. came about that even the jury who brought in the verdict believed him an innocent man. Indeed the woman partly confessed that it was a put up job to blackmail the man, and before he had served two years she was in prison her-self. From the first day that No. 4,820 entered the prison he exerted a peculiar influence over officials and prisoners alike. The latter nicknamed him "The Mystery," and the title was well bestowed. He was a quiet, gentle man, with a voice as soft as a woman's, but when he looked you equare in the eyes you felt that he was a mystery with a strange power behind him. He had large blue eyes. with long lashes, and if you looked into them for ten seconds you forgot where you were and felt confused.

There is very little sentiment to be found in a prison, and yet the idea in most of them is to control the prisoners entirely by moral suasion. We looked upon No. 4,820 as a harmless man, and one who could shortly be made use of as a "trusty," and he got a place as a waiter in the dining room. He did his work quietly and well, as reported at the Warden's office. but at the end of the week all the help in the kitchen and dining room submitted a protest against his being kept in his place. The reason alleged was the queer happenings for the weak. There were some twelve or fourteen en in the two departments, and all of them told the same general story. Three or four of them had felt a queer feeling come over them and lost all recollection of time or place. Cooking utensils had been moved about without the aid of human hands, and eight men solemnly declared that a batch of bread, consisting of fifty or more loaves just taken from the oven, moved at least fifteen feet along a table while all were looking.

We laughed at their stories, but took "The

Mystery" out of the dining room and put him in the tailor shop, He made no objections, and after a couple of days the man in charge of that department reported that he was an adept with both shears and needle. In the course of a week, however, we had a different report. There were seven or eight men in the shop, and every one of them wanted No. 4,820 removed to some other department. The foreman was a free man and a very intelligent one, and I could neitner ridicule nor contradict him. He said that several of his men had allen asleen while at work, while all of them had acted strangely and spelled more or less work. Needles, thread, and rieces of cloth had taken flight, and in one instance a coat which was lying on the table before him saidenly disappeared and was found on the floodenly disappeared and was found not be resonally experienced the fact that No. 4.8.20 was possessed of a strange power. I should have laughed these stories to score. But as it was I changed him to the storegoom as an assistant to the efficial there.

A curious thing happened when this change shop, and every one of them wanted No. 4,820

these stories to score. But as it was I changed him to the storeroom as an assistant to the official there.

A curious thing happened when this change was made. After breakfast "The Mysters" was returned to his cell to wait for the transfer. The cells were three tiers in height and thirty-two cells in a tier. The man had the first cell from the entrance on the ground tier and was in plain sight of the officer having charge of the corridor. The corridor was being charge of the corridor. The corridor was made and in the corridor and two minutes after the officer having. There was the cell, with the door wide open, but it was emety. The officer was not alarmed, as it would be impossible for the man to get out of the corridor, but he was surprised and mystified, and called up all the men at work. Not one of them had seen him leave his cell. The stairway leading to the upper tiers was right there, and the officer was sare No. 4,820 could not have passed up.

A search was made, and he was found seated in the last cell on the upper tior. There were six or seven men to affirm this, and, though I was skeptical it wouldn't have been just to declare that their imaginations had piaved them a trick. The official in charge of the storeroom was a young man of strong character and had heard nothing whatever about the storeroom were in the main yard within the storeroom were in the main yard within the storeroom were in the main yard within the walls.

ing a package of berbs brought from the storeroom. No. 4820 and beating the cot of a patient ten feet away.

The doctor laid the pockage on the window-sill while he turned his head for a moment to speak to a nurse, and during that minu eithe package was transferred to a vacant chair ten feet away. He appears up and accused No. 4.820 of triskery, and the only excuse the man made was that he couldn't help it. He was very pulse and evidently intering under considerable mental excitement, and he begged the doctor to say nothing to me of the linetest. It was reported in a semi-official way, and I confess that I was secretly bleased over it. For the next ten days the doctor was trying to figure out how that package could have been transferred from the window to the shall by natural causes, but he didn't hit it in a way to even satisfy himself.

I am now going to tell you of a still stranger to determine the design of the layour of a still stranger to determine the didn't had it in a way to even a tright.

The Curious Circumstances in the Case of Convict No. 4,820. toppright, ISBS, by Charles B. Levis.

had been mesmerized at one of his public exhibitions. Most of the incidents related above were then detailed to the visitors, and their curiosity being aroused, they were anxious for an exhibition of the main mysterious power. I sent for him and told him what was wanted, and after some hesitation be expressed his willingness to comply. His mesmeric powers were not questioned, but my visitors wanted to see something like the corridor mystery.

After our noon lunch we entered the west corridor and sent all the cleaners out, and saw that every cell was tenantiess and the doors wide open. Including No. 4,820, there were seven of us present. This was not the corridor where the other incident had taken place, but the cella were situated just the same. There was but one stairway, and we took positions within ten feet of it; and some of us could also look down the corridor and see every cell door on each side. No. 4,820 was pale and somewhat excited; and we all noticed that his eyelids drooped as if he was sleepy. He stood before us for a minute or two and then went down the corridor, asking us not to follow for five minutes. He entered a cell half way down and closed the door after him. At the end of five minutes we walked down there to find the cell empty. On calling to No. 4,820 to show himself he appeared from the upper cell exactly above.

There was a mystory about it, and yet there

and closed line door after him. At the end in the minutes we walked down there to find the ceil empty. On calling to No. 4.820 to show himself he appeared from the upper ceil exactly above.

There was a mystery about it, and yet there was not. One of our visitors and the prison doctor were not "susceptible." while the other four of us were. The four of us were ready to make affiliavit that the prisoner did not leave the ceil. We plainly saw him enter. The two doctors were just as sure that he did not enter it at all, but simply closed the door and returned and mounted the stairway. They were no doubt correct about this. As Itola you, the affair got into the papers, was taken up by some overzealous members of the legislature, and I narrowly escaped being bounced.

At this time we had about 500 prisoners in the institution, and No. 4.820 gave us more trouble than all the rest combined—that is, no shop or department would have him, and turnkeys, gaards, watchmen, and nearly all other officials were alraid of him. Many of the prisoners threatened him with violence, and such a row was raised of nights that he had to be removed from the corridor. As a matter of fact I had to fit up a room for him and let him play the gentleman. To have forced him upon his fellow convicts would have been to get his life in peril. As he had always declared his innocence I assisted him in various ways to secure proofs, and after he had been incarcerated about a year and a half he was pardoned by the Governor.

It is next to impossible to keep news from circulating through a prison. It came to be known somehow that No. 4.820's case had been reopined, and later on that a pardon had arrived, and the rejoicing came near-degeneraling into a riot. The prisoner was to leave after dianer. He stood in one of the open windows of the host half a minute there was don't she not first he meal they demanded to know if No. 4.820 had been pardoned. When informed that he had been they demanded to know if No. 4.820 had been pardoned. When informed that he

### A Trail of Horror.

It was after the needay meal, and I lay on a heap of new-mown hay on the bara floor. with the doors open and the gentle breeze blowing though. The horses, with harness still on, were munching their oats in the stable, and at the door was a load of hay to be drawn in by and by. Fifty rods down the dusty bighway was a schoolhouse, and the shouts of children at their games came plainly to my ears. The swallows chittered and chattered under the caves of the big barn-now and then a bumblebee came sailing about as if wondering what was going on-and from a hollow stump just back of the barn I caught the "cheep! cheep!" of young bluebirds as the mother brought them food.

It was an hour of peace and good will. Lying there half asleep and too lethargie to move a finger. I should have smiled in contempt had a voice whispered that there was danger to any soul in that peaceful neighborhood. Of a sudden there was a sniffing and whining at the open front doors. I lay facing them, and had but to open my eyes to see the farmer's dog standing there looking directly at me. He was a monster in size, and for two or three days had been skulking about in dark spots and uttering low growls of annoyance when any one came near.

Section 1. The existence and exist of the storpton work in the main yand, with a deright in the office. The entrance and exist of the storpton work in the main yand, with a storpton work in the main yand, which is the existence of the storpton work in the main yand, which is the existence of the storpton work in the main yand, which is the existence of the exis At the first glance my heart choked me. I had once looked into the eyes of a mad dog.

## Saved by Its Soug.

feet away. He stream up and accused No. 4.820 of triskery, and the only excuses the man made was that he couldn't help it. He was very pule and evidently latering under considerable mental excitement, and he begged the decip to say nothing to me of the facient. It was reported in a semi-oldent way, and I confess that I was secretly pleased over it. For the next ten days the decip was trying to flagged the attention of a friend who makes a study of the three decip was trying to flagged the attention of a friend who makes a study of the three didn't hit it in a way to even a strike of the didn't hit it in a way to even satisfy himself.

I am now going to tell you of a still stranger incident, and one which somehow got into the papers and created no cust of discussion and considerable trouble. Our prison was visited by a committee of three dectors, selected to the state Legislanure as studiary in species or public artiflangs. Nothing was said about No. 4.820 until they say him in the logarint, when they apple tree. The bird's a large professor of measurements. One of them From the Lewiston Evening Journal.

FRENCH ROYALTY IN EXILE.

Permitted Visits of the Comtesse do Paris to

of leading a quiet, domestic, to the administration of the property, and as a

mother, after spending three weeks at Mont Dord. Together the family return this week to Stowe House to meet the Comte de Paris on his arrival from the north.

Randan is situated about nine miles from Vichy, in the picturesque country of the Puy de Dôme; turning to the right after leaving the city, the large forest stretching to the small, clean, and pretty town, is entered and affords the most delightful drives. The houses church, enlarged by Mme. Adelaide, has a square, battlemented tower and in the middle of the main street a sharp turning discloses a broad avenue of beeches and plantains leading in a straight line to the castle. The ancient Court of Honor has been transformed into a parterre and lawns surrounded by bright flowers and orange trees, divided from the avenue by wrought iron grilles starting from the pillars of the portico and culminating in tall gates surmounted by lions and serpents.

property of Etienne de Castreau, who styled himself Lord of the Manor, and died in 1316. The large and magnificent domain was erected into a Duché-Pairie in favor of Marie Cathe rine de la Rouchefoucauld, first lady in waiting of Ann of Austria, and governess of Louis XIV. By this gift she became Duchess and Peeress of France. Her only daughter conferred the title on her first husband, Gaston de Folx, and although she married again at his death, the title passed to his brother, who left no descendants. The Duché-Pairle then be through various hands, was bought in 1821 by Mme. Adelaide for the sum of 540,000 francs. chiefly because its lands touched the extensive domains of the Duchy of Montpensier.

The left wing is old: the right one was built by Mme. Adelaide. The façade of the central building facing the park is flanked by two and white marble, and at the furthest extremity a domed round inner hall leads to the reception rooms of the Princess, the furniture being of the correct style of 1830. The red velvet coverings have been embroidered by the Princesses of Orleans and the ladies of the court of Louis Philipps. The drawing room habitually used by the present family is an immense apartment, opening on a raised terrace from which beautiful and extensive views are obtained over the mountains of the Pur de Dome and the magnificent plain of Limoges. Next to it are the rooms (still called) of "the King" and of "the Queen," although since 1830 Louis Philippe never entered Randan, but Mme. Adelaide always reserved these apartments for his brother on the chance that he should come to visit her. From his library the King could enter the chapel, where still stands the angel sculptured by Princess Marie, and at the lower end is a "Martyrdom of St. Felicité" painted for the Comtesse de Genlis, of which three of the faces are portraits of the Countess herself, her brothers and Louis Philippe The chapel is open to the public, who are nevertired of gazing on the replicas of the mortuary statues of Mms. Adelaide and two of her brothers. The stained windows pro-

The reception rooms of the Comtesse de Paris include a huge dining saloon capable of accommodating sixty guests, and an armory, shaped like the old tower, entirely hung with stuffs into which the fleur delys is woven.

nirably kept and cultivated since the Princess entered on her life tenancy of the property at pansier, who left it by will to Prince Ferdinand The estate is not, however, so large as it was, for the woods that surrounded it were sold for three millions of france in 1879, when the Duke left Randan and France to settle at Seville. The Comtesse de Paris is worshipped by the dwellers on the estate and the inhabitants of the small town of Randan. She supports the religious schools, subscribes largely to the Bureau de Bienfalsance, and to the hospital; she is the providence of the poor, aged, and infirm of the whole countryhas succumbed to her influence and is obsequiously polite. Unfortunately her stay must always be limited, as her presence is required at Stowe House, which is very empty and dull

Stowe House, the habitual residence of the exiled Princes, is an essentially comfortable and aristocratic English home, with its leafy approaches, picturesque lodges, and wonder ful lawns and gardens: the mansion has kept many of the mementoes of its owners, the Buckinghams, in ancestral pictures and busts scattered throughout the building and crowded nto the hall; in the library of the Comte de Paris they elbow the portraits of the Orleans family with paintings of celebrated modern

Life at Stowe House is simple, busy, dignified, as becomes the banished heirs to a throne The Prince rises at 5, and as soon as his tollet is performed the reads his letters, assisted by his secretary, M. Dupuy; current affairs, all the others being entirely in entailed by this correspondence may be postman delivers over 100 letters at Stowe newspapers in German, English, Italian, and Spanish. The Princess helps him in that task. pointing out any paragraph of interest and of them have too much philosophy to be ruffled by the most virulent personal attacks, and

The chief and perhaps the only amusement of the Prince is sport, and in this also he is in perfect sympathy with the Princes. His leisure hours at other times are given to botany and mineralogy, for, like all the members of his house, he is studious and scientifically inclined. Family life has great charms for him; Princess Hélène is his constant companion, and he superintends the education of comes down every Saturday to Monday from London, and not only the royal Princes of Orleans but many faithful and devoted part ans frequently cross the channel to pay their respects to the head of their house and the representative of legitimate monarchy.

LONDON, Sept. 1. - While the Comte de Paris, the head of the house of France, and his eldest son are, by the decree of expulsion, debarred from setting foot on the territory of the French republic, no such restrictions are imposed on her Royal Highness the Comtesse de Paris. and she cannot always resist the pleasure of revisiting the fatherland. She has this year, as the last, been spending some weeks at the Castle of Randan, near Vichy, while her husband was in Scotland. On her former visit she was accompanied by a much larger suite; she received and entertained more and lived, as it were, more officially than she does now. Whether she went to Randan especially for the benefit of her health or any other reason. it is certain that she has been especially desirous existence, seeing only a few friends, making no deliberate appointments for visitors, and naming neither day nor hour for unceremoneous interviews. Her spare time is given

business woman she finds that if care and surveillance were not exercised the output would frequently exceed the incomings. The Comtesse has with her her second son. Ferdinand, the heir to the ducal title of Mont-pensier and the estate of Randan. The young Prince is now 9 years old, and has inherited from his mother a strong liking for outdoor exercise and sports, which she encourages. Princess Hélène, whose charm and beauty exercised so deep a fascination on the ill-fated Duke of Clarence, has quite lately joined her

Randan, formerly an abber, became the

The gardens of Randan are splendid, adwithout her active, energetic presence.

French artists. the latter, however, only answers those or the hands of the Prince. An idea of the labor formed when it is said that on certain days the House. When this portion of his duties is ac bear the antagonism and wrath of their ene mies with perfect equanimity.

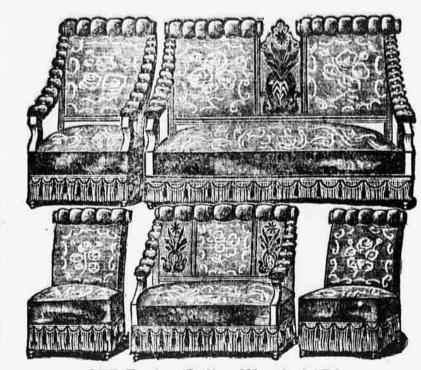
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building facing the park is flanked by two round pavillons. The hall is payed in black 558 to 571 Fulton St.,

EMIN'S LITTLE DAUGHTER,

Whom All His Affections Clustered ? When it seemed no longer possible to hope for the safety of Emin Pasha, the first thought

in the minds of many people must have been: "What has become of little Farida?" This was Emin's little daughter, and she was idolized by her father and accompanied him in all his journeys.

While Emin was Governor of the equatorial province of Egypt he took unto himself as wife a beautiful Abyssinian woman. He was a devoted husband, and his wife was worthy of his affection. She was a woman of gentle nature and of superior position in her own country, and she and the famous Governor lived happily together.

Two children were born to them, a boy and a The boy died soon after he was born, and, to the great grief of Emin, the mother died soon after giving birth to the little girl. When Emin welcomed Stanley and his relief expedition, on the shores of Albert Nyanza, Farida was about four years old. One of the best and smartest of the hundreds of Egyptian guardian; but all the time that Emin could spare from public affairs and his scientific pursuits was given to his little girl. Though she was living in the depths of Africa, there are many little girls in civilized lands who might well envy some of the educational ad-vaptages of Farida; for her father was a man of rare qualities and much learning, and Farida benefited by them when a little older, as far

Mr. Mountenay-Jephson, whollived long with Emin before they went to the coast, says that Emin was very much devoted to the child, and was still feeling deeply his wife's death. "The little Farida is all that is left to me in the world," Emin said. Jephson says that Farida was a very pretty little girl not darker in complexion than her father, and greatly resembling him. She lived in a large, comfortable, and nicely kept but, surrounded by a pretty garden, in which were many orange and cus tard apple trees in full bearing.

Farida was a happy and contented little girl as long as her father had no great troubles to bear bim down. But the day soon came when rebels arose in the province, and they finally took Emin prisoner, and for weeks they debated the question what they should do with him. It was in those troublous days, when the Governor was not permitted to send any word to his little daughter, that the poor child went to see Jophson, accompanied by her nurse. "Why have you not brought my Baba to see

knew that something was wrong, but could not understand what it was.

A few days later Jephson, who had been released by the rotels on parole, was about to return down the Nile to the place where Emin was imprisoned, and Farida came to say good-

me?" she said in her childish distress. She

by to him. Taking a necklace of beads from her neck she gave them to Jephson. Take them to my Daba." she said. "They tell Farida that bad men down in Duille do not give my Baba much to cat. A thin thom." these beads and buy chickens with thom. "What

European child 4 years old would have thought of such a thing?" Emin asked Jephson later if anything happened to him to take care of Farida. In the end, however, a part of the rebels relented and Emin was released, and soon after, with a Stanley for the coast. A hammock was externporized out of two blankets, which were slung on a large, light bamboo and carried by two In this conveyance the child was carried all the way to the coast. While Emin was preparing to start he wrote a letter to Jephson. in which he said:

"I am greatly obliged for your kind remembrance of my girl; she is, of course, here and kisses your hand."

"Two of the most respectable Zanzibari chiefs," says Jephson, "had the honor of conveying Emin's daughter in a hammock to the coast, and several armed porters were detailed to help his servants to carry his luggage." After Emin had begun to recover from the

effects of his serious accident at Bagamoyo. Jephson went to the hospital to bid him We sat and talked." he says, good-by. We say and thised. To says,
"over the experiences we had passed through
together, of his future and of that of the little
Farida. Emin said he had decided to romain
In Africa, and that he would keep his daughter with him. He would like to educate her in
Germany, he said, but nothing would induce
him to part with her. There was time enough

yet for her education, and, meanwhile, he could superintend its early stages himself.

So when Emin once more set his face toward the great lakes the little girl went with him; and, indeed, it would have broken her heart to be left behind. Central Africa was the only home she had ever known, and her father, though too overwhelmed with cares to give all the time he would have liked to his child, yet filled the most of her world. Emin took the little girl to Bukoba, the station he founded on Victoria Nyanza.

Did Emin leave Farida behind when he started on that last fatal expedition? There may be persons in Europe who know, but the facts have certainly not been published. If Finin led ther at Bukoba, it was the first time in her life that he voluntarily separated himself from her. If he took her with him, no one can tell what her fate has been. She may have been killed with her fil-fated father and the rest of the caravan, or her life may have been spared, so that some day she may grace the harem of one of the Arab murderers. I'erhans her late will never be known. If Farida is alive to-day she is about nine years old.

HOW TO CONDUCT A RESTAURANT. The French Manager Tells of His Training

prietor is credited with having made an enormous fortune, there is a young man with blond hair and moustage when the revolution at first ordered the destruction of the tombs and afterward the violation of the coffine. blond hair and moustache who acts as manager during certain hours. He is the son of the proprietor, and, although only 21 years old, he has been educated to his present work by a very thorough experience in every branch of the restaurant business. After finishing his school education his father sent him to Paris with letters of introduction to a prominent restaurateur there. This man started the youth's training by making him a scuilfon in his kitchens. He cleaned the silver first and then the glassware. He was treated like any other scullion, and had his cars boxed more than once by trate cooks. He also earned how to wash dishes, scrub floors, clean ranges the meanest work in a large (tchen), build fires, and be handy in assisting the cooks. Later he was instructed in the art of cookery, and after graduating from the kitchen became an assistant to the waiters. He learned how to set a table properly, to be quick without being awkward, and to keep himself in the background as much as possible. After a lengthy apprenticeship he was made a waiter. His father's friend watched him sharply, and corrected his mistakes unhositatingly. Finally he was made assistant manager, learned how to check dishonesty in employees, to buy economically, to control men, to keep the restaurant clean and attractive, to see that there were no leakages, and, in short, to keep the restaurant clean and attractive, to see that there were no leakages, and, in short, to keep the restaurant.

After leaving the restaurant he travelled to the management of a large restaurant.

After leaving the restaurant he travelled through the wine-growing districts and saw how the grape julee was made into wine. He bise investigated the manufacture of brandies and liqueurs, informed himself as to the realitive values of different kinds of wines and liqueurs, and laid the loundations for an expert knowledge of them.

"I worked ten, fliteen, and sometimes twenty hours a day," he said recently, "and it seemed hard at the time. Not many American-born boys are trained so rigidly, but I tell you it has been worth a great deal to me since, liaving done every part of the work required in a restaurant myself, I know now whether it is done properly or not. When I go into the kitchens I know whether the dishes are being washed properly whether the dishes are being washed properly whether the cooks are wasteful or economical. If I had not been through it all I would not be able to criticise intelligently, but as it is none of them can fool me. I can also tell instantly whether the swine properly and keep the giasses filled. There are so many details connected with proper waiting that the avorage well-informed man would not notice the lack of a few tut my experienced see will detect any neglect, however shight, instantly.

"In purchasing my experience is of inestimated value. I know ho kitchen became an assistant to the waiters. He learned how to set a table properly, to be

mable value. I know at once whether foods are as they should be. I know exactly what results can be achieved from a given quantity, and I know how long they will remain in good condition. In every department of the business I feel at home, and nover find myself groping in the dark. relying upon somebody clee for information. In none is this more pleasing to me than in the department of wines and liquors. It a customer asks me a question about a wine or liquour I can answer him satisfactorily and intelligently. Only half an hour ago a customer complained because the create de mendie served to him was white instead of green. The waiter knew nothing of the subject, and, if I had not been called, the customer would have gone away displeased and thinking that a spurlous article had tren served to him. When I explained to him that create de meatie is always coloriess, except when coloring matter is added, he was satisfied. I explained to him the manufacture, at which he was greatly pleased, and the large here and I explained to him the manufacture, at which he was greatly pleased.

manufacture, at which he was greatly pleased, and I know he will come here again.

"My father was called an old fegr when he made me serve my apprenticeshie, but I tell made no serve my apprenticeshie, but I tell you it would be well for the soles of business men if all whe inten led to enter their fathers' business could receive such initial training as I did. There would be fewer failures if such were the custom.

Agitation Over the Bodies of the Ancient Kings that Now Lie on Storage Only.

A few months ago it was reported in some of the French papers that the bones of the Kings and Queens of France were left neglected in the store rooms of one of the public tuildings of Paris, and the Figure was the first to call, in the name of decency, for their respectful reinterment. The Victodian poration now takes up the subject, and gives the first dotalled account of the violation of the royal tombs during the Reign of Terror:

In the vaults of the Church of Saint Denis, resting under the statues which represented them, fifty Kings of France and fifty Queens slept the eternal sleep in the religious peace of the basilica. From Dazobert L down to Francis L, Henry IV. Louis XIIL, and Louis XIV., the Kings all reposed there in the an-

XIV., the Kings all reposed there in the ancient vaults. The tombs in the chapels and in the crypt became so numerous that there was no longer any room for one more royal corpse when the revolution burst out.

of the coffins. On the 6th of August, 1793, following me, each with bowed head and conducted by the Mayor, the populace entered the basilica. This Mayor was formerly a priest, and sang the "Cadet Rousselle" and the "Hymn to Mars" in the pulpit in which a short time proviously he preached the word of God. They were supplied with cords and ladders and were assisted by a considerable number of workmen. The troop advanced up to the altar, and at first appeared somewhat surprised at the act that they were about to commit, not having as yet lost all respect for the sanctity of the place. They entered the chapel called the "Chapel of the Charles," where by the side of Du Guesclin and Louis de Saucorne

Charles VI., and Charles VII. They struck with heavy hammers the "detested faces of the tyrants," and they saluted with shouts of joy the skilful blows that shattered the marjoy the skilful blows that constitution is to pieces.

They would not break the menument of Turenne because it had not been raised to the Turenne because it king. But they did not

were the remains of Charles V. and his wife.

the tyrants." and they saluted with shouts of yoy the skilful blows that shattered the marble to pieces.

They would not break the monument of Turenne because it had not been raised to the glory of an upstart king. But they did not spare that of Du Gueseim. When they had finished smashing the stones, when they had finished smashing the stones, when they had sufficiently, amid rears of angular broken the noses, the lingers and the heads of the statues, they resolved to open the coffins, because, according to the logends, several of them contained treasures. All that they found, however, consisted of a few threads of borns gold in the coffin of Pepin, and the seal of Constance de Castile.

Upon each cofflin there was an inscription upon a plate of load or copper. They were torn off. One of them, that of Louis All, was found again in 18.20, in the shop of a brazier, who used it as a sausepan. Some of the hones were thrown into the cometery, but the greater portion of them remained in the goffins. In three days, the oth, ith, and sin of August. Iffly-one tombs were destroyed. The news was announced all over the country and the event was colebrated by the feast of the 10th of August. Focall that, it was considered that this revenge? was not sufficient. They had broken the images of the hings; now they determined to attack their remains.

A crowl of citizens of Short Fends, slopped first before the literate their remains.

A crowl of citizens of Short Fends, slopped first before the literate from the special contains a from Parks, slopped first before holding and the coffin in a warphased in the cappearance of a dried manney. It was placed in the care of a dried manney. It was placed in the care of a dried manney. It was placed in the care of a dried manney. It was placed in the care of a dried manney. It was placed in the care of a dried manney. It was placed in the care of a dried manney. It was placed in the care of a dried manney. It was placed in the care of a dried was the serious cold and charged a few of admi

Elixir of Youthful Spirits,

"As I was walking up and down my room the other day," said a man, "wrapped in thought and absorbed in care, with head lowered and hands clasped behind me, I heard a following me, each with lowed head and clasped hands; they had tried hard to be very solemn, but had found it quite impossible. (couldn't help laughing myself when I saw them, but I picked up my burden and marched on. Promptly the children fell in again and marched after me; when I turned a corner i saw them tagging on as before. We all laughed again, and then the children and I played soldler for a while. When we got through with that I found that my serious friend Care had gone away."

It Would Stick to the Last.

"When I had my shoes fixed the other day." salda man, "I had to have one of them patched. You know they don't sew patches on nowadays; they paste 'em on in some way, and they stay. I knew this well enough, but when went for my shoes and looked at the patch I was thoughtless enough to ask if it would stay on. The sheemaker didn't answer me in words, but in a look of about one second's duration he conveyed to me the intelligence that the uppers of the shoes might part from the soles, the soles might drop away, and the heels be left by the wayside, but that that patch would never come off."



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